Defining Moments

When the new ballpark opened, our gang hit the
open house. Actually taking turns at the batting
cage, like our high-paid heroes.

Jixxy performed his usual athletic mishmash,
but cheered the rest of us.

He passed that night.

I thought, when coherent, an autopsy with one
so young? But Doc confided,

“Nah. Bad heart since a kid, in the family.
Knew his days were numbered and spent
them in…well, love really.”

I spoke at the service about Lincoln’s phrase:
with charity for all.

Felt inadequate after, that my words not much.

But my girlfriend, Fay, whispered, “You were great,
what you said!…well, Lincoln and Jixxy belong
in the same breath is all. But I just can't be
like them. I just can’t. I try, but…God knows I try!”

Then she exploded in tears and I didn’t know
if it was for Jixxy or her or everything.